



created by **sleepy.zone**
2024



sleepyzone

2024




my past claws onto me,
doppelgangers rotting into sludge



with a strike of the clock, I am reborn



tayxm
i didnt have
time



:3

Saturday, June 20th, 1970

New Parkway Gazette

Report by Dom E. Kemack

After years of Firekeeper Processing Company dumping mercury-contaminated waste into Onondaga Lake, the Ninemile Protection Group has finally decided to step in. Whitney Fisher (Member #060), the elected leader of this organization, has given us quite a bit of information on it. The group gets its name from the Ninemile Creek that begins at Otisco Lake, flows through Camillus, and flows between seven Solvay wastebeds before entering Onondaga Lake at Lakeland. The wastebeds it runs through contain millions of tons of industrial waste from the Firekeeper Processing Company and other chemical manufacturing. Some of these wastes were released into or have leached into Ninemile Creek. These wastes present in the lake and most of its tributaries could not only cause problems for life in the lake, but harm species that rely on the lake. A disruption in this ecosystem could have disastrous effects in the area. The Ninemile Protection Group finds it important not to let another species suffer the same extinction and lack of information as the Onondaga Whitefish, a species that has been lost to time.

The non-profit group plans to print and publish their new "Wildlife Handling Technology & Forest Services Handbook". This book will show off the wonderful new technology being developed for wildlife protection and preservation, as well as a plethora of contacts to nature related services and tips and tricks on staying safe in the great big selection of wooded areas around Onondaga County and New York State as a whole. Hopefully this will encourage the county to create a committee to handle these types of environmental issues that Firekeeper and other companies have brought to the area.



Phantom

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The Mountains

They say there's many

Fish inside the sea

But I feel you're the

Only one for me

There's so much

That I wish I could say

But you won't

Just turn and walk away

Nothing seems to matter

In every hollow word exchange

And I plotted all of my cards

But I could never win this game

Do you look out at the mountains

And do you ever think of me

Because I always think of you

Blueberry Tea

You're brighter
than stars could ever be

full of galaxies
light a pitch black sun
like a fool

Final

V1 I still hear

Your footsteps in my head

Your ghost keeps

Knocking at my door

Said we'd grow old

Did you know how much it hurt

When you said

"I don't love you anymore"

V2 Now I drag my shredded skin

My molted exoskeleton

Scared ("I lose what's left of you

If I tear it off

And though that may be for the best

I just can't bring myself to do it

Cause I'll never find somebody

Quite like you

THIS SPACE FOR MESSAGE

PUB. BY WH. JUSS CO., SYRACUSE, N.Y.

POST CARD

THE SPACE FOR ADDRESS

ONE
CENT
STAMP
HERE



Emily

Lizzie

Resonance

Lizzie Asteria

Holding her flashlight in her left hand so she can see through the night, Emily faces the tree, tugs on a thick, solid-looking branch, and nods to herself, satisfied. She looks down at the flashlight again, grabbing the wrist cord and, I guess, thinks about holding on to it with her teeth? But, no, Emily instead glances back at me over her shoulder.

"Lizzie, could you keep this for me for a second?" She loosely holds her light next to her other elbow, putting it as close to me as she can.

And, of course, I take it for her - "Sure!"

Emily turns back to the tree, taking a deep breath - and, in one swift motion, she runs towards it and flies up, tugging herself up as she leaps off the ground. Then, she pulls herself to the side of the branch she studied earlier, and, using another, gets above it.

...I knew Emily would have to be pretty capable to go hiking and do half the stuff she does, but wow. I really have no idea why she never at least tried gymnastics...

A few more seconds, and Emily's sitting on her branch, looking down at me and holding her hand out - and, I give her flashlight back to her.

She wraps its cord around her other wrist, then looks back down to me. "Hey, do you want to come up too? I can help, if you want -"

My feet freeze up - "... think I'll just stay down here."

Emily nods, and I go by the trunk and lean against it. Looking up at her, she's only a few feet above me, having chosen the lowest branch she feels comfortable with, I'd say. *Emily always says she's not great with people, but she already knew my answer, didn't she...*

I look out over the lake we're next to, stretching out far into the distance. The moon and stars reflect over the water, and I notice it, for the first time we've been here:

The stars feel so much closer.

Like I could reach and pick one out of the sky.

"It's... amazing."

"...Lizzie, you'd know the constellations, right?"

"Yeah -" I guess Emily must have noticed me looking up -

"Could you, uh, point some out for me?"

"Sure! Which ones do you know?"

"Uh, just the Big and Little Dipper -"

"Huh? I thought you'd need more for navigating..."

"Well, I only really ever learned how to find the North Star -" She points up, draws a few lines in the sky, and points at the Little Dipper, Ursa Minor. "But, everything else, well..." She looks back down at me.

So, I get as close to Emily as I can, and I start to point out what I can see.

"There's Cassiopeia, a queen..."

"Over there is Andromeda, her daughter..."

@ScholarlyGaming

I walk around the trunk of the tree, and Emily looks to the left to follow me. "That's Pegasus, a flying horse..."

And then, point a little upwards: "And, that's Cygnus, a swan."

I glance back at Emily. "There's more, of course, but... I think you'd have to get down to see the others. And the clouds don't exactly help either..."

But, Emily's distracted, as drawn to the sky as I was. "You're right. It is beautiful -"

She sighs, then looks back at me. "Lizzie, you know what my favorite thing to take pictures of is?"

"What?"

"The reason I make things... it's to capture the world, as I see it."

I nod. "That makes sense."

"Flowers and leaves... I can press those, keep a... physical piece of my trips with me. Wildlife, trees, landscapes, I can draw those - those are what my eyes see, how I connect with the world. But, Lizzie?"

"Yeah?"

"The first time I tried to draw a sunset... I realized I couldn't do it."

She pauses, and then looks back at the sky. "The shapes weren't the problem, of course. I can draw a cloud any day -"

"But capturing a sunset with just a pencil?"

Her eyes close.

"I don't think that's really possible."

I sigh. "Yeah. I agree."

I look back up at the sky, stepping away from the tree by a few feet. Looking around for a minute, I can recognize a few more constellations - Ophiuchus, Leo, Hercules, Libra, Ursa Major, Aquila - then, I feel like I have to lay down.

So I do, laying on the grass a few feet from Emily's tree, looking straight up.

I think... I think I understand it a little better, where Emily's coming from.

That feeling that overwhelmed me...

It's that connection, isn't it?

Me with the sky, and Emily with the earth...

"It's all connected."

Emily quietly, tiredly responds: "Yeah."

I move myself a little closer to Emily. With friends like her around... I think, the world feels a lot less scary.

And, with a bit of that fear washed away, I can really feel it now.

One day... I'll be up there, too.



you're surrounded by dense foliage. flowers adorn the ground beneath
on closer inspection, the pattern of the foliage seem to resemble voronoi noise. you spot hyacinth
seem to branch off

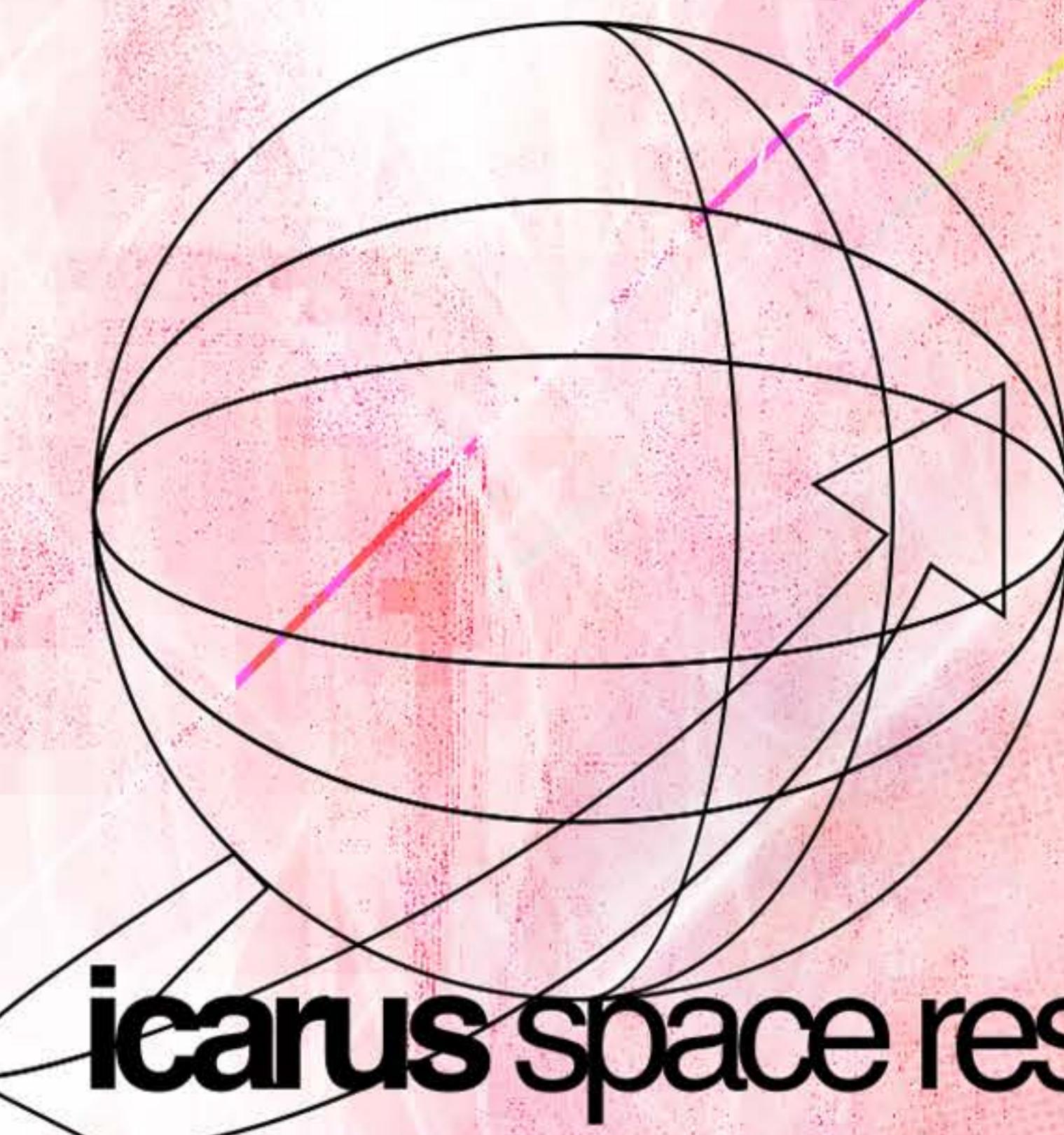
despite what appears to be thick shrub, your footsteps
in the center stands a single android, donned in white dress and flanked
as you approach, her pastel hair blows in wind

what starts as a slow sequence of tones shatters into a kaleidoscope of pitch. sp
she sings about vain connection. one who flew

is it a sin for an



voronoi



halo @ s
based off of sensory va

th your feet, and towering trees are scattered around your vicinity.

cornflower, lilac, amongst a distribution of many more flowers you can't recognize. singular stems
to different species.

at nothing but hard panel as you approach the clearing.

angel wings. one doomed to forever wander and yet never to progress.

you're unable to parse, and she begins to sing.

ting notes fly past you. you manage to pick up bits of meaning from the torrent.

so close. flux beauty. false idols. broken cares.

tomato to love?

3rcuu3
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USB
SNS



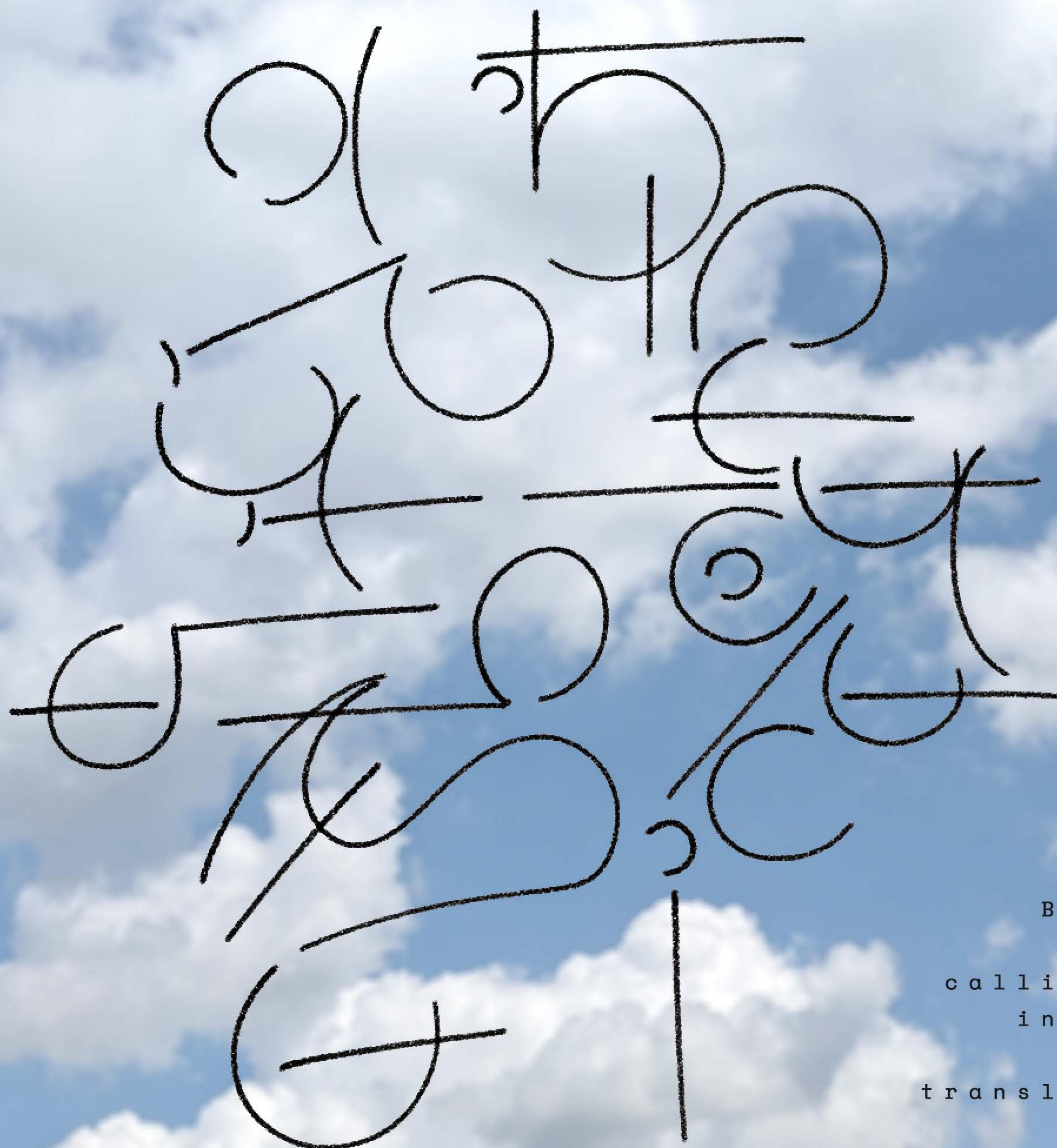
n.5000 SPECIFICATIONS

D-07

Our spirits
Our starlight
Our voices harmonize
So we dazzle
And shine
As we look up to the sky



ALASKA SARGENT



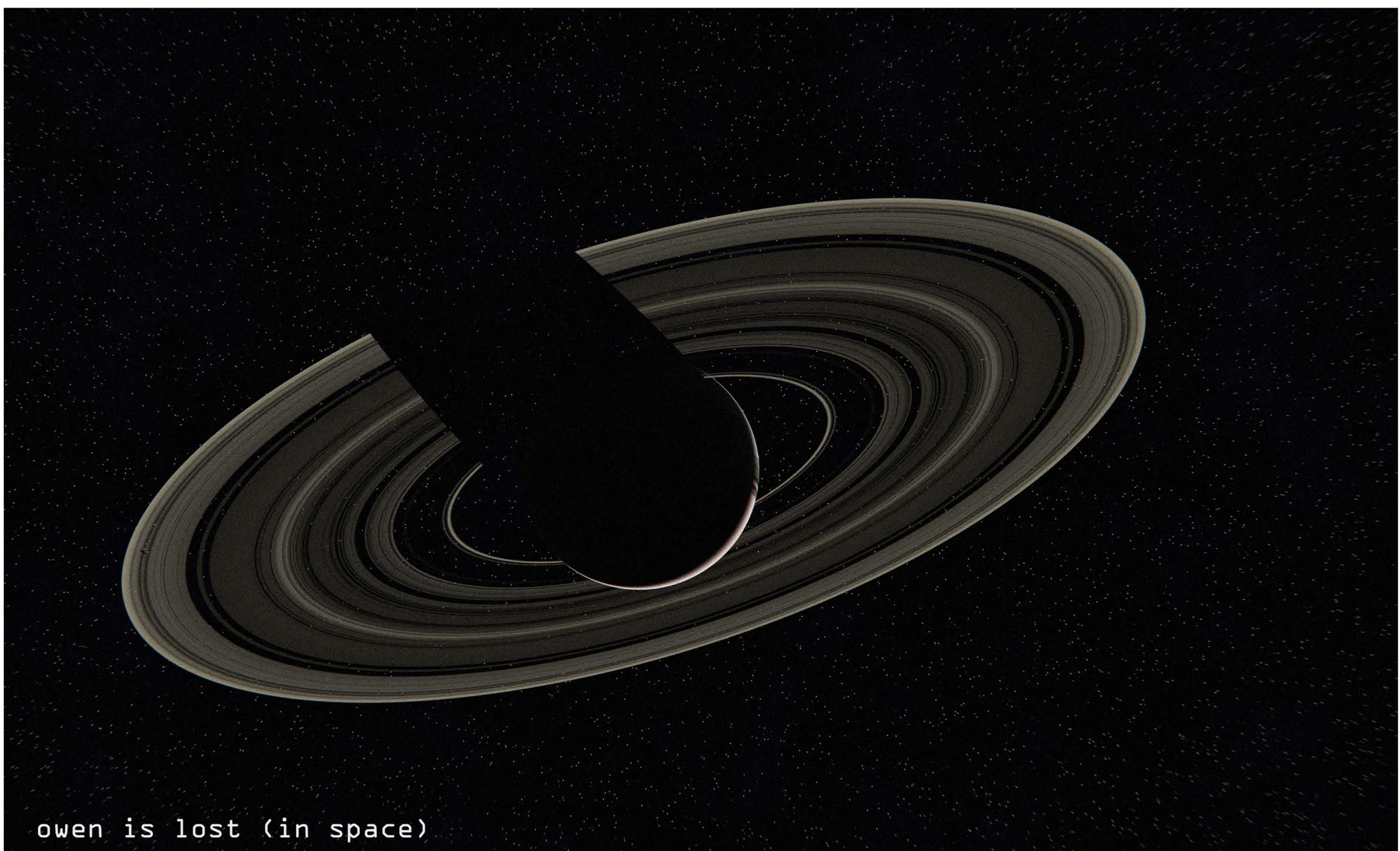
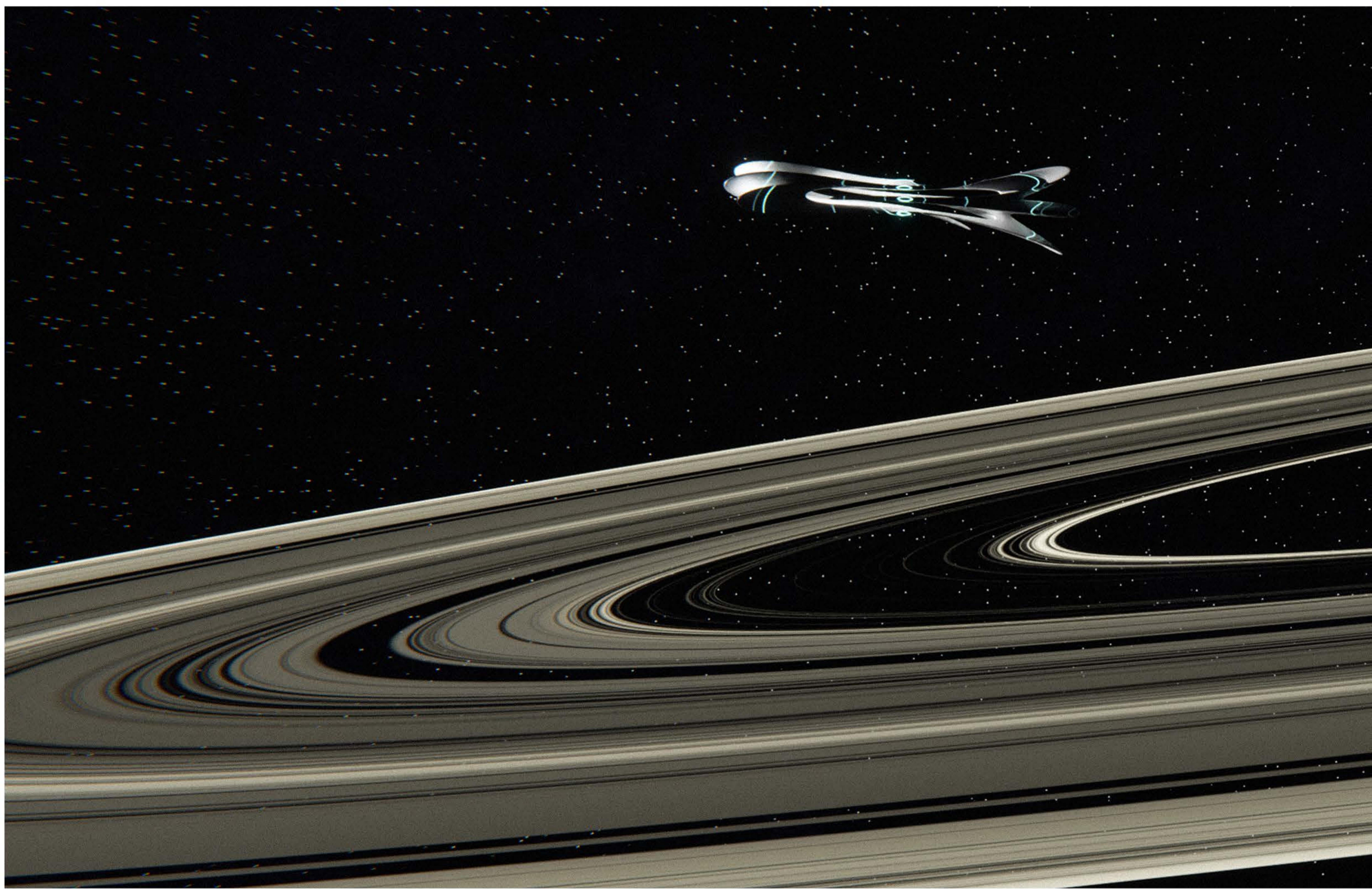
BLISSOM

calligraphy
in faevi

translation:

I THINK WE'LL
BE ALRIGHT





owen is lost (in space)





top 10 iconic sleepy.zone moment

number ten: swallowbug11 finally gets electro swing played on sleepy.zone

number nine: yeatfest

number eight: several pounds of bagged chicken

number seven: 49.9FM SZLP Bella Rock Radio

number six: ketchogurt

number five: clown music

number four: dramatic music

number three: that one time we all stayed up like 2 hours past when the radio was supposed to end creating a lore iceberg

number two: sleepy.fest

number one: the fact it even existed



okay google
how do you make image
background trans in
paint dot net

**DUNNT SLEEPY
BECAUSE ITS OVER**

**good night
sleepy.zone :)**

**sz forever
& always**

- gup;

<3

**ZONE BECAUSE
IT HAPPENED**

**Whitefish
Alaska Sargent
tayxm
Scholarly
halo
mintymints
blissom
vai5000
owen is lost
josa gupsemicolon**

with contributions by:

Whitefish
Alaska Sargent
tayxm
Scholarly
halo
mintymints
blissom
vai5000
owen is lost
josa gupsemicolon